Butcher's Son

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Butcher's Son

by orphan_account

Summary

Hannibal was going to have vengeance for his sister's murder, and he had everything planned out.

The pungent iron smell from the pig's blood filled Hannibal's nose. He was shaking so hard that his teeth chattered, though he didn't shake from the cold of the meat freezer. Anger filled him, swelling the edge and pouring over into the expanse of his little body. The eleven-year-old might be young, but he was mentally older than he had appeared to be, and he had been wronged. It was his job, his life's one meaning, to protect his younger sister. But that bastard butcher had ruined it for him. He thought that he wouldn't notice, the way that the butcher looked at her like she was some kind of steak that he was needing to cut.

Hannibal had planned this out for two weeks, stalked the butcher, and had calculated every plan. Now, it was just the job of executing it. Hannibal knew how to kill, he had killed small animals growing up, but never one as large as a human being. Those animals hadn't even registered, not even blips on his back. It wasn't any fun when the prey couldn't fight back. The butcher was going to get a taste of his own medicine. In his hand, he held a sharp, heavy cleaver, one that the butcher had used to chop more stubborn pigs.

The fat man was standing in the corner of the locker, hanging up a pig on one of the hooks. Hannibal snuck over as quietly as he could- the butcher's muffled talking masking his sneakers. Once he had positioned himself behind the butcher, he waited for the opportune moment to strike. The blood pounded in his ears, and his vision narrowed. After a moment, the butcher began to turn around to work on another hog and Hannibal jumped.

He latched himself on the man's back, stabbing him in the back of the neck. He was aiming to sever his neck, like the man did to his hogs, but he missed slightly and got the man in the shoulder. He wailed indignantly, and tried to grab for Hannibal, but the boy was faster. Hannibal used his full force to shove himself off of the butcher like a spring board, causing the butcher to almost lose his balance as Hannibal landed on his knees. The butcher pulled the cleaver out of his shoulder, which was a bad idea. The blood that would have been obstructed by the weapon was now pumping out of his shoulder and down his front and back. This didn't deter the butcher though, as he turned to face Hannibal. Hannibal tried to scramble to his feet, but tripped over the slick blood that was on the floor.

The thick red fluid covered his hands and clothes, staining them as red as the poppy flowers that lined the front of the butcher's shop. The butcher was quick, and when Hannibal tried again to get up, he grabbed him by the back of his shirt, and hoisted him up. Hannibal grabbed at the front, trying to slip out, or at least lessen the pressure of the tight cloth. Through the pounding in his ears, Hannibal began to plead for someone to help him. He didn't want to die by the butcher's hands. Beside the butcher there was a whimper, and both of them turned their heads to see a boy that was younger than Hannibal standing there with a gun. His eyes were a startling blue, that chilled Hannibal more than the freezer could.

The butcher told him to put the gun down. Hannibal recognized this boy as the butcher's son Will. He was two grades below Hannibal in school. The nine-year-old Will held the gun steadily and with purpose. Hannibal took this moment of the butcher being distracted to kick him in the chest, which loosened his grip just enough for Hannibal to slip from his grasp and fall to the floor.

"Do it Will!" Hannibal called to the boy. Will didn't hesitate any longer, pulling the trigger. The sound was deafening, the loud shot echoing off of the walls of the freezer and causing Hannibal's ears to ring. As the butcher looked at his son with disbelief, then fell over, his eyes already glazing over with death. Hannibal crawled over to the butcher's body, taking his cleaver and cutting off the wicked man's head. As he held the head to his chest, letting the blood soak into his already soiled shirt, he laughed.

Hannibal had planned for everything, even the butcher's son.

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